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TO PEACH GROWERS.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce that he has the peach grove of this vicinity that he will be in the market for all good orchards of peaches, and will buy on the order of JAMES C. NORRIS, ESQ. THE FIRST AND OLDEST BUYER AT THIS PLACE. He will also ship peaches on consignment for parties and guarantee their sale every week. A. T. BRADLEY, June 24-3m Agent for Jas. C. Norris.

Original Poetry.

For the Middletown Transcript.

LINES

On the death of Rully and Johnny Woods, aged 2 years and 9 months, and 5 years and 6 months.

Step gently round these little graves, For here the dear ones lie; Ah! there have fallen the parents' tears— For them breathed many a sigh. Sleep on, dear, little boys, Till the resurrection morn; You now have found the joys, And sung the Angel's song. You each left one little brother, To play and to school all alone; You each left a father and mother, But no sister for you'll ever mourn.

Grand parents there, are left behind; They'll see a few more suns; But the Saviour said, come, you are mine; O! now your short races are run. Great God, when our life's work has ceased, May we be permitted to rise; From sorrow we'll then be released, And soar above these blue skies.

These two little jewels are now gathered in, With hundreds and thousands besides; Heaven's arches will forever ring, With little voices so sweet and so mild.

Select Story.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

BY MISS E. L. THOMPSON.

"And so you are really determined to marry, Walter?" questioned Mr. Lane, as he stood by the library window watching the falling snow, one wintry day in February.

"Well, yes, father; I expect to be married the first day of May; my profession affords me a comfortable living, and I desire now to have a wife and a home."

"Have you called on Agnes Gurley since her return from Europe?" continued Mr. Lane, without appearing to notice the emphasis on the latter part of his son's remark.

"I have not," responded Walter. "I have no desire to renew my acquaintance with that fashionable and heartless young lady. I was one of her victims years ago—a most ardent and blind admirer; but I have long since ceased to appreciate the society of ladies of so little real worth." "She has a fortune," quickly responded Mr. Lane—"an item of no small interest in my opinion. An heiress with no one to share her fortune; brilliant and accomplished. A young man of your position might well be proud to win her for a wife. And then," he added, in a lower tone—"Walter, you might have her for the asking."

"I am grateful for your tenderness and care; for the home which you have given me; and the fatherly interest which you have manifested in my welfare. When you took me from the Orphan Asylum, in New York, and adopted me as your son, I resolved, if possible, to fill a son's place; to yield to your wishes in all things where conscience was not directly concerned—I think I have done so; but a wife, father, must be the person of my own choice."

"Marry Edith Ventnor, then; she may be very gentle and lovable, but I can't see what a poor young doctor wants with a penniless bride," said Mr. Lane, with some asperity, as he left the room.

Walter remained in the library a long time; the conversation with his adopted father had awakened a host of old memories. We will retrospect a little:

Walter Moreton's father had been a lawyer of much promise in the Empire city. A genial disposition, combined with talents of a high order, had secured him an entrance into the most aristocratic circles. He began a downward course by drinking wine at evening entertainments, next followed the club-rooms, and finally—a drunkard's grave. Mrs. Moreton did not long survive her husband; and, at the age of six, Walter was an orphan. He was sent to the Orphan Asylum, and after remaining there two years, had been adopted by Mr. Lane.

He had been carefully reared and educated by his adopted father, who was a retired merchant; who although an excellent man in most respects, had an inordinate desire for the possession of great riches. He wanted Walter to marry well; and his estimate of a good marriage was, family position and a handsome fortune.

Walter Moreton had long been attached to Edith Ventnor; who, five years before, had come to L— to teach music, and had succeeded in supporting herself and widowed mother very comfortably. Edith was sprightly and energetic; not at all beautiful in feature but possessed of a lustrous black eye, and a smile of rare sweetness.

Edith had won the respect and admiration of all her acquaintances during her five years' residence in L—. As far as dress was concerned, she was "shockingly plain," according to Miss Melvina Longtongue, the fashionable dressmaker of L—, and her opinion was corroborated by the report of Miss Jerusha Walker, who had the public generally in charge.

Although Edith did not follow the latest fashion to its most minute details, she was always attired becomingly, and in good taste.

Mr. Lane was determined, if possible, to prevent the match between his son and Edith Ventnor, but as time passed on, he found that all efforts in that direction were without avail. No one could have loved

his own child more passionately than Mr. Lane loved Walter, but his loved lacked judgment. The desire that Walter should marry into wealth and position had become almost a passion with him. He had endeavored to educate Walter into his belief; he tried to persuade him that it was a paramount duty—one which he owed to his adopted father and benefactor; who, with true philanthropy, had placed him on the road that led upward to fame and fortune.

In the meantime, preparations were being made for the approaching marriage. In the suburbs of L—, a small but handsome villa had been erected; this was to be the future home of the young physician and his wife. Walter had chosen this spot because it was removed from the heat and dust, and the busy whirl of life in the town.

With him home was something sacred—not a mere name, indicating a house and its appointments; but the realization of all that is ennobling, good and beautiful in this life.

A large, airy room was fitted up for Edith's mother; for she was not to be stored in some out-of-the-way corner, but the best and most comfortable place was arranged for the dear old lady, who would have brought sunshine into any household.

Time passed on—"Through paths of grass and meads of flowers The dewy hours of morn and flowers While on the hills the sun and flowers Of changed April played."

Edith was very busy now, for when the days of April should be gone, the wedding was to take place.

With her mother's assistance, her wardrobe had been prepared with her own hands. There was nothing for mere show; everything had been selected with great care; and was designed for service; for Edith had early learned habits of economy.

Miss Melvina Longtongue, in a confidential chat with her special friend, Miss Jerusha Walker declared that Eva Ventnor was the plainest and most old-fashioned girl that ever lived in L—.

"I think it's a shame, Jerusha, for any one to be so stingy as those Ventnors—with their terrible lady-like airs (all put on, I dare say) they've made every last one of the wedding clothes themselves—and, if you'll believe me, Edith actually trimmed her own hair!"

"It's well enough, I suppose, for her, to be saving; for they do say that Mr. Lane's opposition to the match, and did not intend to give Walter much; and it's good enough for him, Melvina—marrying a music teacher, or who would not associate with a dressmaker, and that, too, against his father's wishes!" responded Miss Jerusha, with a sardonic smile.

The happy day at length arrived; the day appointed for the wedding. It was a very quiet affair, only a few of their most intimate friends being present. Mr. Lane's prejudices had, for some unaccountable reason, entirely disappeared. On the day before the nuptials were celebrated, he signified his intention of being present and his entire approval of Walter's choice.

"You were right and I was very wrong, Walter; but I shall endeavor to atone for my seeming harshness in this matter, by making over to you a handsome sum. Edith shall receive as a daughter, and to-morrow evening with your consent, we will entertain our friends in a manner suitable to the occasion."

The wedding ceremony was performed in the little parlor where Edith and Walter had spent so many happy hours. The day was just passing through the evening's golden gates, as the man of God, in a solemn voice, concluded the service with—

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Mr. Lane and his wife embraced Edith affectionately; and, after a few moments' delay, he said:

"Come, my children, the carriages are waiting; we must be at home in time to receive our friends. I shall depend upon you principally, Edith, to assist me in doing the honors of the evening."

Walter was surprised, as well as gratified at these evidences of his father's approbation; and while Mr. Lane was assisting Edith into the carriage, he helped the happy mother who was growing feeble—and they all drove away.

Arriving at Mr. Lane's handsome residence, which was now brilliantly lighted—for the evening shadows were a little longer grown—Mr. Lane invited the friends who accompanied them to be seated; and then, with playful gallantry, offered his arm to Edith, and begged to be excused for a short time.

Passing down the hall, he threw open the doors of a spacious room. In one corner stood an elegant piano, evidently new; in fact every thing in the room seemed to have been recently placed there.

The walls were adorned with some of the finest specimens of art, while statuary was tastefully disposed about the apartment. Over all the softened light of the chandelier threw its mellow radiance, and the rich perfume of rare hot-house plants shed their exquisite fragrance.

"These things," said Mr. Lane, advancing, "were purchased expressly for you, Edith; when you have remained sometime with us, they shall be removed to your new home. It was very sensible of you and Walter to dispense with a wedding trip, and save the money to adorn and improve your home. I have given you these slight tokens of my appreciation, and I trust that we shall always be to each other as father and daughter."

Edith's heart was indeed too full for utterance, and her eyes were misty with happy tears.

Walter and Mrs. Lane had entered unobserved, and had been silent witnesses of a part of the pleasant scene. "The guests are beginning to arrive, father," remarked Walter, gayly; "we must repair to the parlors; for some are anxiously waiting to be presented to Edith."

Leaving on her husband's arm, Edith received the guests, as they were presented, with dignity and grace. Still later in the evening, her rich, full voice echoed through the rooms, as her fingers swept the chords of the grand piano. Plain, unassuming Edith Ventnor was making a decided impression on some who had slighted and snubbed her in days gone by.

Miss Agnes Gurley was among that number. She was "really surprised to find that Walter's wife was so well cultivated; for I do think unless a person has been to Yurrupe (Europe), they are not thoroughly educated."

In a few weeks we find Edith Moreton established in her new home, and a delightful place it is! A place where love, good order, and neatness prevail. Home duties do not entirely engross Edith's attention; she still has time for her weekly visit to the poor in the neighborhood of her old home. In every good word and work she is to her husband a true wife and help-meat.

THE EQUIPAGES OF BEHRING'S STRAITS.

Captain Kellett's journal of his Arctic voyages, tells us that hunting and fishing form almost the sole occupation of the men, who, with their small means, exhibit great ingenuity, as is shown by their method of overcoming the polar bear. Their bravery is quite as much put to the test, and well exemplified in their capture of the whale, an animal many times larger than the sailors, and equally capable of swallowing the diminutive kayaks. As soon as the whale is seen rolling on the surface of the water, the kayak is paddled within a few feet of it, and the harpoon darted into the blubber. At the least lateral pressure the heavy tip of the weapon disengages itself from the staff, which latter floats on the surface of the water, and is picked up again, while the top, with the line and seal-bladder attached, remains fixed to the animal. Many darts of the same kind are inserted, till at last the prey, with its many blades impeding its progress, yields to the launces of its pursuers, and is towed in triumph to the shore. The capture of the seal and walrus is effected in the same manner. Salmon and other fish are caught in nets; the line and hook are used only toward the breaking up of the season, in order to obtain a supply of whiting.

Their songs, like those of the aboriginal Americans, are in flat keys and without rhythm. The key in which they are pitched always renders them melancholy, while the total want of rhythm makes them difficult to retain in the memory; their effect upon the ear of a European is unsatisfactory, and their end appears abrupt and unnatural. The tunes in use among the Esquimaux appear not to exceed four in number; they are never used except for accompanying their dances. Music indeed seems to have little effect—at least, our fiddles and flutes made no impression whatever. The accordion was an object of curiosity, rather on account of the manner in which the notes were produced than the sound themselves. The women, instead of quidding the children with nursery ditties, put a slip of blubber in their mouths, which appears to have a tranquilizing effect.

Their dance is of the roughest kind, and consists merely in violent motion of the arms and legs. It is generally performed by one man, but any number of individuals may join. The performer, before commencing, generally changes his dress, putting on a white coat and gloves, and placing a band around his head, the peak of a bird or the snout of some animal in the centre of his forehead, and a feather over each ear. He begins by stamping violently with the right foot, and throwing out his arms with wild gesticulations, besides leering horribly on the surrounding spectators, and shaking his head. He then uses his left foot, and changes again when inclined. The exertions are too violent to be long sustained, the performer is therefore often relieved by another. Sometimes several men take part in the dance and occasionally the women join; but the latter merely move the body and wave their arms, without changing the position of their feet. The men sometimes shout, but the women never utter a sound. In their power of imitation the Esquimaux are almost equal to the Chinese. When they saw any of our articles which they could adopt with advantage, they invariably tried to imitate it, and generally succeeded in making it similar in appearance, although perhaps not so perfect in construction. Knives, forks, and spoons, were thus copied, and even a fiddle was once attempted, of course quite incapable of harmonious sounds. This turn of their mind will become of importance, and when they are more civilized, and have received proper tuition, they may, during their long winter, manufacture a variety of curious and elaborate articles.

A club of henpecked husbands met once a week—that day being their only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourned they called it the rising of the tide.

Satir and Humor.

THE SAME WEAPON.

A celebrated Parisian wit, Mons V—, was at one time a sworn enemy of Dumas, pere, and even pushed things so far as to refuse to meet under the same roof. The Marquis de X—, an intimate friend of both, invited the two rivals to dinner at his house, but V—, learning that his witty adversary was to be present, refused to come. The Marquis begged and entreated, and finally V— consented, on the condition that, if Dumas was to assist, he must faithfully promise not to speak but once during the dinner. The marquis informed Dumas of the ridiculous proposal, but to his great surprise the great novelist accepted, and the following evening the two gentlemen appeared in the marquis' saloon. During the meal V— distinguished himself particularly by a rolling fire of wit, bon mots, jokes, etc. Everyone remarked Dumas' silence, and was surprised he left so many good opportunities pass by to be witty. At dessert V— helped himself several times to cakes, and every time the plate was passed around he took two or three. A lady seated next to him passed the cakes once more, and on offering V— some he excused himself, saying: "No, madam, I have eaten almost as many as Samson killed Philistines." "Yes," said Dumas, "and with the same weapon." "That was enough," V— left the table.

A man wrote to Horace Greely for a situation, and received the following letter in Horace's handwriting: "This is the 200th application in a week. Go to the devil. I can't hire every d—d fool." The document was signed Horace Greely, but no one could read it. The man presented it to the cashier, who looked it over and handed the man \$20.00, supposing it to be an order for his salary, and he has been drawing his salary regularly on that letter for six months. What a warning is this to the youth of the country to learn to write.

A man painting the cornice of a house in Hartford fell from a ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had befallen his workman. The "boss" listened to a thrilling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong within him, asked, anxiously "Did he spill his paint?"

A darkey was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he bought at a rival shop. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The darkey assented, and it was two pounds short. The darkey looked perplexed for a moment and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat his cliche much, for when he was getting, de sugar I stole two pair of shoes."

"Why, you'd better knock the door down! What do you want?" "Oh! my darling! I don't let me wake any of your family. I'm just using the knocker to wake the people next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see; and they've never a knocker."

An old soldier having been brought up to vote at an election at the expense of one of the candidates, voted for his opponent, and when reproached for his conduct, replied: "Always quarter upon the enemy, my lady; always quarter upon the enemy!"

A thick headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney, "but I see that your father was of a different mind."

A peddler speaking of the villainous whiskey they have out in Colorado, says after taking two drinks of it he stole his own goods and hid them in the woods, and for his life he can't remember where he put them.

Relationships are rather far-fetched sometimes both in Ireland and Scotland. "Do you know Tom Duffy, Pat?" "Know him, is it?" says Pat, "sure he's a near relation of mine; he once wanted to marry my sister Kate."

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would insist that they were too young to vote until they got too old to take any interest in politics.

Some one wrote to Horace Greely, inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum; but he preferred guano and butter.

A school girl's conundrum is: What State is round at both ends and high in the middle? Ohio.

An early riser—the sun. Hard to beat—a boiled egg. Generally speaking—a woman. To remove stains from characters—get rich.

Written for the Middletown Transcript.

AMONG THE MASSACHUSETTS MOUNTAINS.

Your New York correspondent, for a few weeks past, has been inhaling the tonic air of this mountainous region, near the Holyoke range, and can recommend it to your readers—especially to those who are in pursuit of health.

Our country-home, called "Woodland-Home," is situated in a native forest of oak, chestnut and pine, in the beautiful town of Amherst, Mass. in the county of Hampshire; it lies 85 miles west of Boston, and about 8 miles north-east from Northampton, which is the capital of the county. Amherst contains about 5,000 inhabitants, and is constantly increasing in business, wealth and population.

In respect to seminaries of learning this town, for one of its size, is favored in a most liberal manner—being the banner town of the State. The inhabitants likewise enjoy the advantages of an elegant and substantial University (Amherst College,) and an Agricultural College—the latter established eight years ago. It has an able and wide-awake President, in the person of William S. Clark, Ph. D., who was, for 15 years, Professor of Botany and Horticulture in Amherst College. About twenty-five professors and instructors are connected with this institution, and deliver interesting lectures on mathematics and Farm Engineering, Military Science and Tactics, Civil Engineering, Hygiene, Comparative Anatomy, Pomology, and Floriculture, etc. The Board of Trustees contain such names as: Hon. Joseph White, L. L. D., Secretary of Board of Education; Hon. Chas. L. Eliot, Secretary of Board of Agriculture; Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, and Dr. Nathan Duffee of Fall River. Prof. Louis Agassiz is Chairman of the Examining Committee of Overseers. The total number of students connected with the Agricultural College is one hundred and forty-seven. Thirty were graduated in July last. President Clark intends to sail for Europe within a few months, to select the best machines for making beet-sugar from the sugar-beet.

The production of beet-sugar (from the French *Vitmorin* Sugar-Beet), will be a prominent feature of this College—being under the supervision of the distinguished chemist, Prof. Charles A. Gossmann, Ph. D., who is permanently connected with the institution. Before giving the workings of Amherst College, a reference should be made to the chair of Modern Languages in the Agricultural College, filled by Professor Henry H. Goodell, son of the late Rev. Dr. Goodell, one of the earliest American missionaries to Constantinople. If the student is not taught Latin and Greek here, he is well drilled in the practical languages—French and German.

Amherst College was established in 1821. Its resources were comparatively limited at first, and its success by some considered doubtful; but it is now in a highly prosperous state. It has a large fund invested under the direction of a corporation, composed of seventeen members, of which William A. Stearns, D. D., L. L. D., President of the College, Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., D. D. of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., N. Y., and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher are members. Hon. Edward Dickinson, L. L. D., has long been the efficient Treasurer.

There are fourteen professors, including President Stearns, heads seven instructors and lecturers; and 251 students—being an excess of 117 students over Williams College, in the north-western part of the State. The libraries of the College and the Literary Societies contain about 35,000 volumes; and the terms of admission and courses of study are similar to those of Yale and Harvard Colleges. The numerous difficulties which Amherst College encountered in its infancy, are fresh in the recollection of many persons, as well as the violent opposition which was raised against the application of the trustees, for a charter from the General Court.

The specimens illustrating Natural History and Human Antiquities are deposited in the three edifices known as the Woods Cabinet, the Appleton Cabinet, and the Walker Hall—the latter a new granite building, named in honor of the late Dr. William J. Walker, of Boston, its principal donor, costing in 1869, \$150,000. The *Shepherd* collection of meteorites is the largest and finest in America, and has been repeatedly sought after by the Corporation of Harvard University, but, without avail. The *Nineveh Gallery*, built by Enos Dickinson, Esq., late of Amherst, contains about two hundred specimens obtained by the late Dr. Henry Lobell from the ruins of ancient Nineveh and Babylon. It exhibits sculptural slabs from the palace walls of Sardanapalus at Nimroud, as well as several hundred antique coins, seals, and cylinders, from the same cities. After the completion of the elegant granite chapel, now being built on the eastern slope of the College grounds, with the funds given by a son of President Stearns (\$50,000), an East Indian merchant, the corporation will own twelve College buildings, worth at least \$350,000.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has often said, that to see the sun rise from the top of the tower of the old Chapel amply repays a visit to this inviting town. No doubt he is correct in the assertion, and perhaps it may be verified soon—provided one gets up early enough.

B. S. T. Amherst, Mass. Aug. 16, 1871.

THE SERVANTS OF THE PERIOD.

Many people, says *Heath and Home*, are every day giving up housekeeping because they cannot get along with their servants. Our hotels and many boarding-houses, are supported by those persons who are unable to maintain pleasant homes of their own. Some time since, one of our comic papers represented the servants of the house—an Amazonian female of the Milesian persuasion—being fanned by the well-dressed proprietor, while an equally well-dressed lady is making a vigorous use of the broom. The latter, who is the mistress, addresses Bridget in this wise: "Bridget, I have dusted the parlor, swept out the hall, and the lunch is ready; now can I go out for the afternoon?" Bridget replies: "Be jabbers, ye can't. Yer do nothing. Ye've got to stay and fan me, I've promised the old man, yer husband, he can go."

While this caricature is perhaps too broad and too sweeping in its conclusions, it yet well expresses the change which has been steadily been going on in the relations existing between housekeepers and servants. It well illustrates the almost fear which some mistresses now entertain of domestics, and the demoralization too frequently prevailing in the "establishment below stairs."

Servants in the United States have, in many instances, come to act, if they do not feel, as if they were really conferring a favor upon employers to work for them. They furthermore get together, evening and imaginary, and encourage one another in making it as unpleasant as possible for the "lady of the house." In this manner mischief and discord are bred, and perhaps more than half of the servants of the United States are in open rebellion against their mistresses.

Housekeepers, on the contrary, are often to blame that matters are no better. They frequently treat their domestics with too much familiarity, fly into a passion, assume the air of haughty masters, and in other ways impair or wholly destroy the proper relations which should exist between employer and employee.

HOW TO MAKE MISCHIEF.

Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps it is that they have not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; for he contemplates stealing, some of those dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of their duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence is heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything else anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you have lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if the people found out what they were after a while, then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one may take the hint and begin to help you along after a while—then there will be music and everything will work to a charm.

CERTAIN CURE FOR CARACHE.—As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear, let three or four drops of the tincture of arnica be poured in, and the orifice filled with a little cotton, to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica be not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be as speedy but it is just as certain, although it may be necessary to repeat the application. It is a sure preventative for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of carache.

A western preacher explained the passage through the Red sea by saying that the Israelites crossed on the ice. An auditor interrupted, remarking there is no ice under the equator. "Sir," said the excited preacher, "this happened thousands of years before the age of geographers, and before there was any equator! I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the question completely."

WHAT IS A CARAT.—The carat is an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus, an ounce of gold is divided into twenty-four carats, and gold twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of the twenty-four are pure, the other two being silver, copper or other metal.

In Sweden no person is allowed to marry unless he is a member of church, and no one is permitted to join church until he can read or write.

